

*H. Shakespeare*



*Henry*

*Dol.* For Gods sake thrust  
such a fustian rascall.

*Pist* Thrust him downe  
nagges?

*Falst.* Quaithe him downe  
ling, nay, and a doe nothing  
thing here.

*Bard* Come, get you downe

*Pist.* What shall we haue  
death rocke me a sleepe, ab  
let grieuons gaffly gaping  
come Atropose I say.

*Hofst.* Heres goodly stu

*Falst.* Giue me my rapier

*Dol* I pray thee lacke, I

*Fal.* Get you downe sta

*Hofst.* Heres a goodly tur  
fore ile be in these tirrits and  
alas, alas, put vp your naked  
pons.

*Dol.* I pray thee Iack be  
son little vliant villaine ye

*Hofst.* Are you not hurt  
shrewd thrust at your belly

*Fal.* Haue you turnd h

*Bar.* Yea sir, the rascal  
shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascall to braue

*Dol* A you sweet little  
sweatst, come let me wi  
chops: a rogue, yfaith I lo  
stor of Troy, woorth fin  
then the nine Worthies, a

*Fal.* Ah rascally slaue!

*Dol* Do and thou darf  
was thee betweene a pay